

## Coming Home

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Summary: Harry thought it was going to be another night of loneliness and he struggled do everything; go anywhere but home. And then Malfoy showed up.

## Coming Home

**\*\*Warnings\*\***: Epilogue Compliant, Divorced HP/GW, Divorced DM/AG, First time, One shot, Dialogue Heavy

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**><strong>Summary<strong>**: Harry thought it was going to be another night of loneliness and he struggled do everything; go anywhere but home. And then Malfoy showed up.

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**><p><span><strong>COMING HOME<strong>**

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**><p>**Harry finished the last sip of his drink, his sixth to be exact, and paid the bartender. He didn't want to be done for the night, but he knew he'd reached his limit. If he drank anymore, Tom would have to fire-call one of his friends to come and get him, and he was just not in the mood for that. He wasn't in the mood for a lecture from Hermione, or *that* look from Ron. Ron meant well, of course, but he had a bit of trouble hiding his emotions.

He stumbled out of Leaky and into Diagon. It was probably just past midnight, and he wondered if he could walk his drunken state off before he Apparated home. As he took a couple more steps, he slipped in the snow and landed right on his arse. Brilliant that.

He heard a chuckle from behind him and Harry didn't even have to look to know who it was.

"Where are the reporters and the photographers when you needed them?" Malfoy said as he came around Harry and peered down at him.

Harry gave Malfoy a scowl as an answer, except, he didn't know if he were really scowling at Malfoy, or just at his own bloody situation.

"Need a hand, Potter?" Malfoy asked, offering it.

Harry grabbed a hold of Malfoy's hand and pulled hard. Instead of him getting up, Malfoy landed right on top of him. Harry was pushed back into the snow, and Malfoy made a sound in disgust.

"God, you're wretched," Malfoy said and Harry immediately started to laugh. "Don't laugh at me..." Malfoy's sounded scandalised. "I was trying to help you."

"I didn't ask for your help, Malfoy," Harry said, pushing Malfoy off him and with some struggle, got himself up. Malfoy was still on the ground. "Need a hand?"

"Fuck off," Malfoy said and he hopped up off the ground with ease. He brought out his wand and spelled the snow off his robes, making them look pristine again. Harry was sure he looked like a right mess.

"I saw you in there," Harry found himself saying before he could stop himself. He'd been watching Malfoy for a better part of the evening.

"And I saw you," Malfoy said, apathetically.

"Are you going home then?" Harry asked. He had no idea what he was doing but he had been watching Malfoy for hours now, hell, he'd been watching Malfoy for years.

Malfoy raised an eyebrow and waited a while before replying. "No," he said, sounding defeated. "I'm trying to go anywhere but home."

"Me too," Harry said turning around, walking away from the pub and deeper into Diagon Alley. He heard the faint sound of footsteps and figured Malfoy was right behind him. He waited for Malfoy to join him in step. "What's your excuse?"

"Same as yours, I reckon," Malfoy said, "I read about your divorce in the papers. Your wife left with the children?"

Harry nodded without looking up. The divorce was finally final and even though the kids understood it, they were going to live with their mother for a while. It wasn't so bad at the moment, they were all at Hogwarts, but when they'd come back, they'd be with Ginny and not in their home. The last of their things were picked up today, leaving Grimmauld Place too empty and too big for Harry.

"Astoria has the house so I'm back at the manor," Malfoy said when they'd been quiet for some time, wandering aimlessly.

"That's rough," Harry said. He wasn't upset about the divorce, and he wasn't even upset about the kids' stuff not being there. He knew he had the freedom to see his children whenever he wanted; Ginny was being rational about everything. It was just... he felt like an utter failure.

"Indeed."

"I suppose I don't feel so bad anymore," Harry said. "Loneliness is hard, but having to face your parents again..." He shuddered.

"Thanks, Potter," Malfoy said, offended. "You're a bloody wanker."

"You say it like you just came to that conclusion. I thought that was your general impression of me," Harry teased.

"Evidently, I'd managed to forget," Malfoy replied.

"Are you upset?" Harry asked, they'd stopped walking and were standing outside another pub. He wondered if he should go in, and whether he should invite Malfoy? He certainly wanted to.

"About the divorce? No. It was a mutual decision. We were never meant to be, sort of forced to be together by our families, and the only good thing came out of it was my son." Malfoy looked around to where they were, and his eyes followed Harry's to the entrance of the pub. He shrugged as if answering Harry's unasked question, and they made their way to the front door of The Fortuneteller Inn.

"Are you heartbroken about it? You certainly look it," Malfoy remarked after they'd found two seats in the corner, and Malfoy had taken the liberty of going up to the bar and ordering two cups of coffee.

Harry scowled at the black coffee but took a sip anyway. He didn't need another drink tonight.

"No, I'm not heartbroken about the divorce. I...it wasn't working. She knew it, I knew, hell, the kids knew it. I think everyone was relieved. Just...I've not been alone in so long, I don't know what to do with myself. I'm on mandatory leave from the Ministry as they want me to sort out my affairs, but now all I have is time and nothing to do with it."

"So all you do now is go from pub to pub?" Malfoy said; surprisingly, his tone wasn't as deprecative as Harry had imagined it would be.

"What about you? You're literally at every pub I've been to. You can't criticise meâ€"

Malfoy laughed as if Harry were a child throwing a tantrum. He supposed he somewhat was. In an instant he'd become defensive of himself when Malfoy hadn't even been judging him.

"Part of my job is to mingle in various social circles. I have to be out with my clients, to whatever high-end or low-life pub they choose

to be at. It's either a coincidence you and I have ended up at the same establishments over the last few weeks or..." Malfoy paused abruptly and stared down at his coffee before taking a sip from it.

"Or?" Harry drawled.

"You're following me. It wouldn't be the first time."

Harry snorted. Malfoy was right, it wouldn't have been the first time. Except, Harry really hadn't been following Malfoy. He'd seen Malfoy at Thirsty, so he went to Jana's, and Malfoy happened to be there. He was, in fact, trying to avoid Malfoy. It's what he'd been doing for a good ten yearsâ€"since his feelings for his wife had started to faintly diminishâ€"he'd constantly find himself thinking of Malfoy.

"I wasn't following you," Harry said, afraid his silence would have meant otherwise, and he didn't want Malfoy to leave. Not now. Now that he was there with Harry.

"Right," Malfoy said haughtily, and finished the last of his coffee.

"I'm really not!" Harry insisted, sobering up slightly.

"Fine, I believe you, Potter," Malfoy said looking around. "Keep your voice down or they'll think we're having a lovers' quarrel."

"That's the first thing you think of?" Harry said, surprised. "I raised my voice and you thinkâ€"

"We're sitting in a dark corner away from everyone, it's nearly one o'clock andâ€"

Whatever Malfoy was going to say was abruptly stopped because Harry kissed him. He had no idea what he was doing, as always, but Harry just knew that's what he had to do then. Malfoy was suggesting they looked like two lovers hiding away in a dark corner. Malfoy had thought Harry was following him around, and Malfoy...was kissing him back.

This could have gone horribly wrong, Harry was well aware of the fact. He had no idea how Malfoy felt about men. About Harry. Harry was the one with a stupid crush on Malfoy and now he'd acted impulsively.

Harry leaned in closer, pressed his lips against Malfoy just a bit harder, and started to rake his fingers through Malfoy's hair. Malfoy pushed his tongue into Harry's mouth and Harry moaned faintly around Malfoy's tongue. When Malfoy slid his hand up Harry's thigh and squeezed it, his cock which had been half hard since the moment Malfoy had landed on top of him outside of the Leaky, was now in full attention.

What were they going to do now? Malfoy was back living at the manor, and Harry was still at Grimmauld Place. It would be so strange to bring Malfoy back to his house. The house he'd shared with Ginny and his kids for over fifteen years.

They parted finally, for air, and for Harry to really wrap his head around everything that was happening. Fuck, he was sitting in a dark corner of a pub, snogging Draco Malfoy.

"I might have been following you," Malfoy whispered so low, Harry wasn't sure he'd heard him correctly.

"I'm sorry?"

"I'm at every pub you've been to, that isn't a coincidence. Well, not all the time," Malfoy said. He picked up his cup of coffee and then frowned realising he'd already drank it all. "I'll get moreâ€" "

"Malfoy, wait," Harry said, pulling on his arm. "What were you saying?"

"Astoria and I decided quite a while ago that we were going to call it off. We were just waiting for the final papers to be signed and the estate to be divided. But... Well... I'm not very good at dating, and I don't know how to ask someone out. I've known about your divorce for some time...and well, it's hard to try to get a conversation with you. You're an absoluteâ€" "

"You're getting off topic," Harry said. His mind was still reeling around what was really going on. Did Malfoy just admit to trying to \_ask\_ Harry out on a date?

Malfoy glowered at Harry for a full minute. "It's true my job requires me to socialise with my clients, so it gave me a reason to go out and see you in public, but I just had to figure out which pub you were going to be at. So I paid some of the waitresses, hostesses, bartenders to just fire-call me as soon as you came in, and then I arranged my networking events atâ€" "

"You \_paid\_ people?" Harry asked, shocked. "Am I still drunk, passed outside on the ground at Leaky? Is this a dream?"

Malfoy laughed, looking embarrassed. "Hardly. It's more like this is my nightmare."

"I always kiss you in your nightmares?"

Malfoy shook his head. "No. You usually laugh at my face when you find out I fancy you, and then you go back to your wife."

"Yeah, well, that'd be my nightmare, too." Harry cringed at his words, realising what an absolute arse he was being. "I didn't mean that. I don't want to say bad things about my ex-wife."

Malfoy ran his fingers through Harry's hair, brushing the hair off Harry's forehead. "I won't tell."

Harry took Malfoy's hand in his own and brought it to his lips. He gently pressed a small kiss on Malfoy's knuckles and laced their fingers together. "When I woke up today, I didn't think this was how my day was going to end."

"The night isn't over yet," Malfoy said. When Harry gave him a curious look, Malfoy added, "I can get us a room at the Inn."

"Are you sure?" Harry asked, kicking himself for sounding doubtful. No, he wanted this. He wanted to spend the night with Malfoy and now he was just ruining it by trying to be noble or something.

"If you don't want toâ€" "

"No, I want to," Harry said quickly.

"Okay. Since I don't want to go home, and you don't want to go home, this would seem like the logical idea."

"You're right," Harry said, nodding. His hand was still squeezing Malfoy's, so he kissed Malfoy's hand one more time, and then let go of it.

"I'll be right back," Malfoy said, and Harry watched him walk away, speak to the man behind the counter at the entrance, and return in less than five minutes. "We'll have to go around back for the Inn entrance and the clerk will have a key ready."

"Brilliant," Harry said. He did his best to hide his nervousness. He felt like a teenager again, going on his first date, except, this date promised so much more than anything he could have ever imagined.

Now he wondered if Malfoy had ever been with a man before. Harry surely hadn't been. He'd been to a gay club a few times, but mostly he observed and once he kissed a bloke about ten years younger than him. He'd never had sex with anyone besides Ginny.

Eventually, they got up and Harry followed Malfoy outside the pub towards the side entrance. They were both quiet, except, this time it didn't feel so comfortable. Harry felt an awkwardness taking over the situation and didn't know how to shake it off.

Still, he kept on going with it. He was now certainly more sober he'd have liked to be. He itched for another drink, but knew he shouldn't. He needed to do this. He needed to be with Malfoy, and it had to be in his right mind. It was nerve wracking, but it was also exciting. He was going to be with Malfoy. He was going to have sex with another man. Bloody hell, he was going to have sex with Draco Malfoy.

There was a hint of recognition on the clerk's face as Malfoy paid the man and got the key for a room. It was Malfoy's offer, so he let Malfoy handle it. Although, as Malfoy led the way, Harry quickly brought out a few Galleons from his pocket and placed them in front of the clerk.

"For discretion," he said, and scurried after Malfoy, hoping beyond hope that the clerk wouldn't owl the Daily Prophet first thing in the morning.

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><p>"Have you been with a man before?" Malfoy asked Harry as they

entered the room and Malfoy closed the door behind them. He was leaning against the door, assessing Harry, as Harry looked around the room.<p>

There was a small desk with a chair by the window overlooking Diagon Alley. They were on the fifth floor of the Inn and Harry looked outside the window to see if anyone could see in. The bed was in the other corner, against the wall, and it was decent sized. Harry wondered if he'd be pushed against the wall, or he was the one that was going to be doing the pushing.

"Potter?" Malfoy said, getting his attention.

"Sorry," Harry said, running a hand through his hair. "I...no. I've never done more than kissing...with a man, I mean." When Malfoy nodded, Harry had to ask, "You?"

"At Hogwarts, there were these...wanking sessions of sorts that some of the boys got together for. But besides that, no. Not since I got married, and not after..."

"Oh," Harry said, unable to hide the gratification in his voice, and most likely his face. He walked up close to Malfoy, and kissed him again.

He pushed Malfoy against the door, pressing his body against Malfoy's. Malfoy's hands immediately wrapped around Harry as he kissed him back. He pulled on Harry's shirt and started to stroke his back; Malfoy's fingers against Harry's skin sent shivers up his spine.

"Do you want to get on the bed?" Harry asked, panting in between their kisses, and Malfoy nodded.

Malfoy pushed Harry and Harry started to stumble back until his calves hit the back of the bed and then Harry sat down. He started to unbutton his shirt and looked up at Malfoy who was working on removing his robes. Harry kept his trousers on, but chucked off his shoes and his socks.

As he rested back on the bed, Malfoy came and settled in-between his legs. He'd done the same as Harry, kept his trousers on, but had removed everything else. Harry's heart pounded against his chest as he grabbed Malfoy's shoulders and started to massage them lightly.

The feeling of having Malfoy in his arms was so different than anything he'd ever experienced. His body was strong, his shoulders were lean but muscular, and Harry bent forward to nuzzle against the crook of Malfoy's neck. He smelled amazing. He smelled like a man, and Harry's cock swelled up as he started to really knead on Malfoy's shoulders and then kissed him.

In between kisses, Malfoy rubbed his slightly stubbly jaw against Harry as if he were taking Harry in all the same. This was so different from being with a woman, so different than being with Ginny, yet it felt so right.

"Merlin, I want you," Harry said, thrust his hips up. Malfoy pressed down at him, grinding their hips together, and Harry gasped at the

feeling. It was incredible. He couldn't believe he was so aroused by feeling another man's erection pressed against his, and he wanted more.

"I want to feel you, Harry," Malfoy whispered, pushing Harry down on the bed, and kissing him just below his ear. "Can I removeâ€" "

"Yes," Harry said, his hands immediately going towards the buttons on his trousers. "Take yours off, too."

Malfoy pulled back and unbuttoned his trousers, pulled down the zipper, and then completely removed his trousers and pants. Harry had stopped undressing himself as he simply watched Malfoy, in awe; completely lost in the moment.

As Malfoy stood by the bed, totally naked, Harry's gaze remained on his cock. Malfoy cleared his throat, and Harry looked up to his face to find Malfoy with an eyebrow raised.

"Right," Harry said in a rush and quickly removed the rest of his clothes. He licked his lips as he leaned back and waited for Malfoy to come on top of him again.

Malfoy sat on his knees across from Harry as he rubbed his hands against Harry's ankles, working his way up Harry's legs. He softly massaged Harry's thighs, until he reached his balls and pushed his hand under them so he could move them up and down against his hand. Harry threw his head back and closed his eyes. It felt bloody amazing. Malfoy wasn't gentle with him, but he wasn't harsh either. It was as if Malfoy knew just how much pressure to apply to drive him wild.

"Come here, I want to feel you," Harry said, reaching over and tugging on Malfoy's arm so he could come and lay on top of him.

Malfoy turned to his side and rested next to Harry. Propping himself up on his elbow, he turned Harry around before he wrapped his leg around Harry's legs, intertwining them. Then, he edged himself closer. He moaned when Harry took Malfoy's cock and started stroking it gently.

"Together," Harry said, and diminished all the distance between them.

At first, they just rubbed their erections against each other. Malfoy let out small gasps as Harry bucked his hips over and over again. To know that Malfoy was turned on by him was intoxicating. He thought back to just a few minutes before when Harry had wanted another drink for courage, and was glad he hadn't had one. To experience this moment in any other state would have been unfortunate. He tried to memorise Malfoy's face as he gasped and moaned, his eyes closed, and his lips slightly parted.

Malfoy gripped Harry's shoulders and thrust against him, until Harry's hand curled around both their erections and started stroking. They writhed against one another, and Malfoy kept on mumbling Harry's name. Harry's name.



Harry tried to return the favour. He wanted to close his eyes, lose himself in the moment, but he couldn't look away from Malfoy's face. \_Draco\_'s face.

"Draco," Harry said, pulling him even closer, his face burying itself in Draco's chest, as he stroked them both into orgasm.

"Gods, I'm gonnaâ€" " was all Draco said before he spilled himself all over Harry's hand and stomach, and then Harry came undone, as well.

As their bodies cooled down, and their breathing became more even, Harry's mind started racing again. What was he supposed to do now? He turned around in search of his trousers to look for his wand, and when he found it, he spelled them both clean.

Malfoy...Draco was being awfully quiet again. Harry wondered if he was going to ask Harry to leave now, or was he going to offer to leave? He'd said he wanted to ask Harry out on a date, so certainly, he wouldn't want the night to end right then.

Harry decided not to worry about what was going to happen next, what was right, and what should have been expected. Instead, he pulled on the blankets folded on the foot of the bed and covered them both under it.

Draco released a satisfied sigh and turned around, his back to Harry. Harry wrapped his arm around Draco's waist and held him tight. It didn't take long for him to fall asleep, and he hoped when he woke in the morning, Draco would still be there.

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><p>He was, and Harry got the feeling of how he was <em>finally<em> home.

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><p><em><strong>THE END. <strong>\_

\_\*\*THANK YOU FOR READING\*\*\_

End  
file.